

THE LIFE OF A HAPPY MAN

To awaken each morning with a smile brightening my face; to greet the day with reverence for the opportunities it contains; to approach my work with a clean mind; to hold ever before me, even in the doing of little things, the Ultimate Purpose toward which I am working; to meet men and women with laughter on my lips and love in my heart; to be gentle, kind, and courteous through all the hours; to approach the night with weariness that ever woos sleep and the joy that comes from work well done—this is how I desire to waste wisely my days.

Thomas Dekker

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THE BEST HOPE THE WORLD HAS

If we take the short view of life we are saddened or bewildered by the things that happen. If mankind were living for an hour or a day the things we see would be a bitter mockery. But if we take the long view of life we see in these events the guiding hand of Destiny.

It is the difference between pessimism and optimism, and all human history has made the pessimist a fool. From the beginning of the world man has been rising from the depths, and the mysterious divinity within him has hitched his wagon to a star.

Like a spark of light in the dark welter of this world there came the other day a word from a survivor of the Hapsburg dynasty which perished in the last war after a thousand years of power. It was the ugliest of all the despotisms, a tyranny without a redeeming feature. Mr Gladstone used to say that no man could put his finger on a map

of the world and say, "There Austria did a good thing." It is interesting, therefore, to consider the view of this man who has survived the downfall of Austria's ruling house and looks out on what is happening.

What he said was that he looks forward to the supremacy of the English-Speaking Nations because *they alone have emerged from the stage at which all nations abuse their power.* It is worth thinking about, for it illumines the whole dark field of cruelty and misery that Germany has inflicted on the world.

The World's Best Hope

We need not fall into the sin of what the Pope has called cold egoism, and what the Bible calls Pharisaism. We do not seek to dominate the earth; we do not even seek to dominate the family of nations called the British Commonwealth. But it is no egoism to say that the English-speaking nations have given the world the best model of human government ever seen, and that within its range lies the highest hope of men ever reaching the ideal state of the greatest good for the greatest number, and freedom for every man.

This war which overturns our life is no senseless slaughter and destruction, no war by a Power jealous of a tyrant and his hundred million slaves, but the struggle of the world for the best hope it has. We are in the position in which Abraham Lincoln found himself in the dark hour of the Civil War, when he said to the American people: "Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history. We will be remembered in spite of ourselves. We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last, best hope of earth." We fight against evil things, said our Prime Minister in declaring war; the man-in-the-street will say that the world is struggling to get the best on top.

The secret of the English-speaking nations who are leading mankind to a nobler destiny is the secret of Christianity itself, the recognition of the

immortal soul within a man. We leave him free to choose his path, to chain his mind if he will, or to let his spirit soar into infinity. It is that that we mean when we say we fight for liberty.

WE wish every man to be free, to live his own life and work out his own salvation, under no man's heel, subject to no brute power, a good neighbour to those about him, with opportunity suited to his capacity, and the means of health and happiness within his grasp. It is the basis of Democracy, tested by time and destined to survive all mushroom despotisms, all artificial empires, all braggart dictatorships. Democracy federates great peoples and leaves them free to sow whatever seed they have that will yield a harvest of happiness. Hitler rolls all peoples into a dead dull thing he calls the State, with no mind free but his, no striving in any soul except to be obedient to his will, no ideas in any mind, no dreams, no longings, in all the sterile millions underneath his heel. Against Democracy's foundation-stone of the divinity of man he sets the power of the Brute. He is a mountebank who tramples down mankind as if he were a mastodon and all the rest were dogs and apes.

The Goodwill Bridge

It is beyond his understanding that strength can lie in simple things like justice and mercy and goodwill, and yet there is before him, before the eyes of all the world, the witness of the British Commonwealth and the United States as the strongest organised powers on earth, with six hundred million people of all races, creeds, and languages, brought together from the ends of the earth to live in freedom and goodwill, with life-long peace an accomplished fact between them all.

It is true, as every wise man knows, that goodwill bridges any gulf. We see it in Switzerland. We see it in the 48 States of America, with differences between them as acute as any between the States of Europe. We see it in our British Commonwealth, which covers a quarter of the earth and a quarter of its people, an empire vaster than Caesar dreamed of, unique in history for its size, its variety, the multitude of its people, the extraordinary number of races to which they belong, the hundreds of languages they speak, their strange lives and religious faiths, and their varying degrees of civilisation. It is two or three lifetimes only that have made them what they are, and they are bound by a bond so strong that they will give their lives to prevent it being broken.

WE have only to imagine Hitler at the head of the English-speaking nations to realise that the difference between us is the difference between life and death, light and darkness, decency and filth. We have only to think of Hitler giving one of Mr Roosevelt's fireside talks, or holding one of Mr Roosevelt's twice-a-week Press Conferences, to realise that the difference between us is as between a man and a wolf.

Man Has Forever

We have only to think of what Hitler would do to the 3000-mile frontier between Canada and the United States to realise that the Nazi system is doomed. With Canada under Nazi rule the few sticks dividing 10,000,000 people from America's 130,000,000 would be pulled up with scorn, and



America will Realise Abraham Lincoln's Dream of the Best Hope the World has

Continued on page 2

Lord Wakefield's Magic Wand Will Wave No More

ENGLAND has lost her Prospero. The magic wand of Lord Wakefield will be waved no more.

Millions who never knew him will grieve that this is so, knowing the country has lost a great man, but those who met him and knew him will feel that something fine has gone out of the world, something more than generous, something almost magic. His is the story to think of when life seems hard and faith seems dead.

He began in an oil-broker's office in Liverpool, his father being in the Customs Office and his mother having the delightful name of Cheers, which she gave to her boy as his middle name, so that it was as if through all his life there were Cheers for Lord Wakefield. Most nobly he deserved them.

For sixty years a business man, for forty years a public man in the City, he lived every day all his life "as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye." He grew rich because he was a good business man, and he came into the Oil Age. He was one of the best friends that I flying ever had, and whether the world heard of it or not it was his money that was behind the great flights.

A Friend of Toc H

A Yorkshire girl found her way into his room on a busy morning and said she was going to fly to Australia, and wanted his help. Could she fly? No, but she soon would if he would promise to help her. "Learn to fly and come back in nine months," he said; and in nine months Amy Johnson was back at Wakefield House in Cheapside, ready to startle the world with her flight to Australia.

He bought the birthplace of Toc H at Poperinghe, and was the friend of Toc H everywhere. If the British Museum wanted a treasure, or an early manuscript of the Bible, it could go to

Lord Wakefield. He bought the Armada Jewel for the Victoria and Albert, the Thomas Becket Cup, and the papers of Sir Isaac Newton, Nelson's Log-Book, and the ancient manuscript of the Chronicle of London for the Guildhall. He encouraged struggling artists wherever he found them, and no good cause appealed to him in vain. Perhaps we may say that he loved the C.N.

We like to think most of all of his work on Tower Hill, one of the noblest sites in London, which had become a miserable place, full of wretched buildings.

The Children's Playground

As the London home of Toc H, Lord Wakefield's friend Tubby Clayton, sought his help in clearing up this hilltop, and property after property was bought as its lease fell in. The beach was turned into a children's playground, and today we look forward to the time when those who take their friends to the Tower will not need to apologise for the state of Tower Hill, for it will be a noble spectacle. There are thousands of memorials of Lord Wakefield in the hearts of the people and the institutions of the country, but most of all we think the future will remember him as Lord Wakefield of Tower Hill.

He was most happily married, and was never tired of declaring that his wife had made him what he was—"a great wife, a great comrade, a great and inspiring influence." Everybody loved him because he was lovable. Rich and famous, he had the greatness of simplicity, and his handshake was like a brother's. The City will miss him, the nation will miss him, his great wife will miss him, Toc H and a million friends will miss him, but his memory cannot die; it is one of the precious things that England will not forget.

THE BEST HOPE THE WORLD HAS

Continued from page 1

Hitler would starve his people and rob his children of nourishment to build a Siegfried Line from end to end of that vast continent. As conqueror of South Africa he would scorn all the differences of opinion and storm-troop the people down.

As ruler of India he would seek to lash its 350,000,000 people into the mechanical servility of his German slaves. If Hitler were in India he would forbid the speaking of 200 languages and suppress all those strange beliefs that give Democracy so many problems yet unsolved. In Australia he would stop the peaceful development of life in a continent which is content to have no quarrels, but to go on cultivating the riches of the earth. As for New Zealand, Hitler would probably have for such a peaceful pastoral folk the contempt of that Governor of New South Wales who threatened convicts that if they did not behave he would send them for the natives of New Zealand to eat.

The truth is that Hitler and his Germany are in the grip of medieval barbarism. It is not

to be denied that we have been there ourselves. We have been as cruel as Hitler in our barbaric past. We have had gangsters and dictators and assassins on the throne. But we have grown up and outlived our pagan days, while Germany has not yet emerged from hers. She has remained in the moral Stone Age while all free Europe has marched on to liberty and law and ordered life. She has never known what it is to be free.

Hitler, who picked up his ideas on the garbage heap of history, has found one of them in the cynical philosophy of Jean Paul Richter, to whom "man has here two and a half minutes, one to smile, one to sigh, and a half to love, for in this minute he dies."

So, this maniacal ruler of the wilderness sees himself with two and a half minutes to carry out his plans. It is simple truth to say he is a madman, breaking his toy world to pieces. For him there is no future; he has only Today.

But for us there is Tomorrow, and for Main, as Browning says, there is Forever. Arthur Mee

BATTLE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN The Bomber or The Battleship?

The Mediterranean Sea, which down the ages has so often seen the rise and fall of Great Powers owing to some new form of attack, is once again the scene of such a conflict—the Bomber against the Battleship.

Before this war naval and air experts disputed with vigour whether the aeroplane would win control of the seas from the warship, and so threatening was the power of these machines that our new ships were designed and our old ships were refitted to withstand their bombs.

German Dive-Bombers

On the whole, events in the first year of the war have shown that the modern warship can counter the plane, for the range of the dive-bomber is low.

Today, however, in the more restricted waters of the Mediterranean, the Germans are trying once more to show that the aeroplane can vanquish the warship. The Italian Air Force having failed, a fleet of Germany's best dive-bombers and pilots has been established in aerodromes in Sicily. Like hornets from their nest they attacked a British convoy with supplies for Greece last month, and though they did some serious damage to escorting warships twelve were brought down, and later 30 or 40 of these Stukas, as the dive-bombers are called, were destroyed in Sicily by the R.A.F.

The Sicilian Channel

The convoy was attacked in the Sicilian Channel where the Mediterranean is only 100 miles wide between Sicily, and the French colony of Tunis. Stukas fully-loaded have a range of 220 miles, and the Italian guns on the island of Pantelleria in the middle of the channel add to the difficulties of our shipping. On the other hand, the Stukas are no match for the fighter-planes borne on our aircraft-carriers or flying from Malta, which they have attacked time and again; and only the desperate courage of the picked German airmen in diving low achieved the slight success.

Steadily, too, our land forces are winning their way along the northern shores of North Africa, while the R.A.F. precede them, destroying the Italian aerodromes and bombarding such vital African ports as Tripoli. When the whole Italian coast in North Africa has been thus won, the future of Tunis itself will be decided. We hope that France will then be with us again and provide our R.A.F. with bases on the Sicilian Channel.

THINGS SEEN

Dandelions in flower at Barlby, Yorkshire, and Eynsford, Kent.

Car for sale; ten gallons of petrol in the tank.

An Aberdeen advertisement: Greeks stop here; this is France.

A Frenchman's notice on the Italian border

LITTLE NEWS REELS

ALL children who are ill in mind or body owing to air raids must now be removed from London.

Over 70,000 meals were given in Coventry by the Church Army on the night of the terrible raid.

At Prebendary Carlile's 94th birthday lunch the fish was given by Lowestoft fishermen minesweepers; two bishops and two reformed criminals shared it.

Mr and Mrs Herbert Tottie of Westcliff have eight boys fighting for king and country.

Canon Cooper, the Vicar of Filey, who has for 50 years been known as the walking parson and has walked all over Europe, has been keeping his golden wedding.

Many Polish airmen, before a flight offer prayer at an altar erected in a hangar, with the inscription, Lord, please bring back our country's freedom.

Europeans and Natives of the French Cameroons have sent a gift of pure gold for a Spitfire to be named Cameroon Français.

Every square foot of Australia's 3,000,000 square miles is being photographed by the Army and Air Force.

The BBC is now broadcasting regularly in over 30 languages, among them Serbo-Croat, Maltese, and the Arabic dialect known as Maghrabi.

THE younger scholars of Pendle School, Clitheroe, have grown 1000 lbs of potatoes, 80 lbs of peas, 60 lbs of carrots, and 40 lbs of beans, all sold to help deserving causes.

"Distribute these" was all the message sent, by an anonymous donor of 204 Treasury notes addressed to the Lord Mayor of Sheffield.

An old lady has sent the Government all her War Bonds, saying that she is now 83, and does not think she will want them.

Over 500 Methodist churches have been destroyed or greatly damaged by bombs.

Bath has placed a bin in every street into which 12,000 householders put their waste food; it is expected that enough will be collected to feed more than 200 pigs.

Fifty tons of chilled beef have been given by the farmers of Uruguay to Britain, each of 816 quarters bearing a card, "Gift of Uruguayan farmers—Good luck."

THE Vicar of St John's, Upper Norwood, has had the good idea of adding 10s to marriage fees to meet the cost of sweeping up confetti; if none is used the amount will be refunded.

In a book on British Hills and Mountains we learn that they number 1000 in England and Wales, and that sheep on Cader Idris are tame enough to accept mutton sandwiches from tourists.

An Old Lady in a Rich Coal Country

DEAR EDITOR, Thank you very much for your paragraph on Coal. This village is now without any coal, and none is obtainable. Many cottages have such limited accommodation for coal that it is necessary to procure some (especially in wintry weather) every week, yet none can now be obtained; many, including sick and aged people, are shivering with cold, as they have no means of getting a fire. I cut out your paragraph and

The first Native School of Music attached to an educational centre in South Africa has been opened for the Bantu people.

The deathrate among Europeans at the Cape was last year only half the deathrate of non-Europeans.

Glasgow traffic police are experimenting with white helmets with an illuminated sign reading Police on the front and Stop at the back.

The Metropolitan Water Board is handing over a James Watt steam-engine put to work at the Deptford pumping station in 1812, and another of the same type in 1824, for scrap iron.

WE hear of a business firm which made £53,000 profit and paid £41,000 in deferred income tax and the rest in payment of fire-watchers and war damage premiums.

The exhibition of a German plane for a Spitfire Fund had to be postponed because on the day of the opening there was a German bomb beside it.

The Horticultural Society hopes to hold a wartime flower show in the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, on February 25.

During Blitzkrieg nights there are ten thousand railway signalmen on duty in glass-sided cabins.

Every week 100,000 miles are being flown by the civil planes and flying boats of British Airways; and last year their total mileage was five million miles, carrying 30 million letters.

A peace-time record of 72 hours for connecting a telephone cable has been reduced in wartime to 48 hours.

Scout News Reel

NEWTON ABBOT Scouts run a concert party and are sending the money raised (£45 so far) to charities; Winchester Scouts organised a dance and sent £70 to the Spitfire Fund.

Scout Headquarters has received £40 from Scouts in Sierra Leone to assist refugee Scouts.

With a battle-cry of Bottles Win Battles, the Scouts of Victoria, British Columbia, have collected 30,000 medicine bottles for the Army medical authorities.

When a London railway arch used as a shelter received a direct hit Scouts began to dig out the trapped people with their hands as no tools were available.

Scouts are being used as fire spotters, patrols of six or eight working under the oldest among them.

A soldier, evacuating from Dunkirk, tried to persuade a Belgian Scout to accompany him to safety in England, for the boy's parents had been killed; but the boy refused, saying, "All these people here need help," and when last seen he was helping an elderly lady.

posted it to the Minister of Transport, with a letter explaining the coal shortage here, but nothing has been done. The village is still without coal. Surely widespread illness must result!

I am, like many others hereabouts, an evacuee, and 72 years old. It seems an unnecessary hardship, as you state, for us to be without warmth in the coldest weather.

ELIZABETH E. MANN,
Mount Hawke, Truro.



WELL HIT, SIR! Fighter pilots of the County of London Squadron passing the time with an impromptu game of cricket while waiting for a call to meet the enemy

Open Sesame

HUMOUR and valour march hand in hand during London's air raids. In a certain suburb that has grown familiar with disturbance after night-fall the local fire-brigade was summoned by a general call to a district not its own. During their absence incendiaries started fires, necessitating the calling-in of a brigade from another area.

With bombs falling and guns active, residents had taken cover and were unaware that the roofs of their houses were lighting the skies. The new firemen could not find the hydrants for their hoses, and there was no one to direct them.

But London firemen are not to be baffled by a little thing like that; they began a tour,

knocking at door after door with the cry, "For King and Country! For King and Country!"

Aladdin's Open Sesame, giving him access to the cave of jewels, was not more successful. Out poured the householders, not quite sure what they had to face, but ready for anything at that heart-stirring summons.

Said one very sturdy citizen, "The invaders must have arrived, then," as he drew his umbrella and sallied forth to give battle. Nobody disregarded that wonderful war-cry; the hydrants were found, willing hands toiled cheerily at the task, and before you could say Jack Robinson the end of the fires was in sight.

THE HEART OF THE MODERN FARM

So many machines go to the modern farm that in America agriculture has become the steel industry's fourth biggest customer. It is not so here, because we are not highly mechanised. It is said that an average American farm now uses ten tons of steel.

And the heart of the machine farm is the tractor, which ploughs, sows, cultivates, harvests, prepares food, loads silage, and cuts wood. No fewer than 1,500,000 tractors are now at work on North American farms as compared with about 300,000 twenty-five years ago. Nickel steel is now being widely employed in making tractors and other farm tools and machines.

A tractor plough can do in a single hour a day's work of a ploughman and two horses. A seed-planting tractor can sow 50 acres in a day. But in rural England the horse is still the chief mobile instrument.

THE OLD MILL STILL GRINDS

A register of business firms in Denmark, just completed, reveals the fact that one of the flour mills still busy is 800 years old, founded by 12 monks. Now the mill grinds thousands of tons of flour a year, and we are told that the wheels have never ceased to turn in these eight centuries.

A HURRIED VISIT TO THURSDAY ISLAND

The simple fact that in 20 years not one man in Queensland's Native Police has been dismissed speaks wonders for its reputation.

But at last we hear of a resignation. Not long ago a native policeman from Cowal Creek, near Cape York, rushed into the office of a white official in Thursday Island, took off his uniform, flung it on the desk, and cried, "Me finish; me not policeman any more." He then ran out and was seen no more.

On investigation it was found that the man had beaten his wife, and then, full of remorse, he had gone to the local police station, charged himself with the beating, fined himself a shilling, and then paddled his canoe to Thursday Island and resigned!

SETTLED

London lawyers had been arguing about a wall in the City, which was said to be dangerous. The court tried hard to settle the case, but without success. When the case came up again for consideration there appeared to be no point in going on with it, as the Huns had destroyed the wall the night before.

THE NEW ERRAND-BOY

We do not know who is the oldest errand-boy in England, but should be surprised to hear of any older than Joseph Starr, 72, running wartime errands for a Grantham chemist, and looking forward to his golden wedding.

A GOOD LITTLE THING

In spite of the progress made in storing blood for medical purposes the methods hitherto adopted have not been entirely satisfactory, and it is good news that Canadian scientists are also developing the new method of reducing blood to a powder which can be kept in vacuum flasks for any length of time. The Canadian Government is financing the scheme, and a programme for the production and storage of enough blood for 20,000 casualties has already been evolved.

THE COLONEL AND THE BISHOP

We hear that one day not long ago Colonel Railton, called at Horton Hall to see the Bishop of Bradford, Dr Blunt. A maid answered the door, and after the colonel had explained his business she left him standing there. Presently a pleasant-looking gentleman, whom the colonel mistook for a butler, came to the door. "I want to see the Bishop of Bradford," said the colonel, "and hurry up, old man."

"I am the Bishop of Bradford," said the gentleman, "and not so much of your old man, please."

THE ONE BOOK TO FOLLOW THEM

We have been delighted to hear of a mother who has taken her four children to Canada and has arranged for only one book to be sent out to them—the Children's Encyclopedia.

Starry Giants

As in the last war, the Galifornian astronomers are busy plotting the distant stars. At Mount Wilson they have been measuring the size of the greatest, following the method invented by Professor Michelson, who measured anew the speed of light before he measured the starry giant Betelgeuse. Betelgeuse is now shown to vary in size, from 260,000,000 miles in diameter to 360,000,000 miles; but now takes only third place among the giants. Antares, which

Michelson placed first, drops to fourth place with 245,000,000 miles; Mira Ceti is second with 395,000,000 miles; but a star newly measured by Mr George Herling of the University of California, and known as Ras Algethi, beats them all with a 690,000,000 miles diameter, which is 800 times that of our sun. This orb would easily contain the orbits of the Earth, Mercury, Venus, and Mars, and still leave that of Mars 178,000,000 miles from the surface.

POTS FOR THE POTTER

This little story comes from Switzerland; it is of a poor potter not far from Aarau. So bad was business in his neighbourhood that he had to forsake his kiln for rough work on the land, where he was one day clearing a field when he came upon hundreds of fragments of ancient pottery. Many of the pots were so old that they belonged to the Bronze Age; and after putting together the broken pieces the potter was able to sell the old pottery to museums for such good prices that he gave up farming and went back to his potter's wheel.

HOUSES THAT GLOW IN THE NIGHT

Hollow glass bricks which let the light pass through them and keep out both heat and cold have been used in building factories, workshops, and houses for some time past.

But something new has now arrived, for an ingenious inventor has filled the bricks with rare gases through which an electric discharge can be passed, so that the walls glow at night when the current is switched on. With walls glowing to just the brightness of ordinary daylight a beautifully diffused illumination is produced, and after practical trials one of the big American electrical firms has decided to make them. The luminous brick will certainly give our architects some novel inspirations when the Blackout is no more!

THE OLD CHIEF AND THE C N

Krobo Girls' School, Odumase.

Dear Editor, Do you remember an old African chief, Mr Odonkor, to whom you sent your photograph? He is still alive, but is now confined to bed and is just gradually fading away. In his younger days he read your publications from cover to cover and enjoyed every word. Many Africans do the same today.

Yours sincerely, C. P. MORR

GOLD MEDALLIST

After the recent savage bombing attack on Manchester a poor shaken couple arrived in a neighbouring village, where they and their little wire-haired terrier were given a home.

"We shouldn't have been here now if it hadn't been for her," said the man, still covered with dirt and grime. "If ever a dog deserved the V.C. it's that one. She was outside in the garden, and, finding we were trapped in the cellar, she scratched and dug all night till I could get my arms out, and helped me to make a hole for us to scramble through!"

Doggie seemed to understand what she had done, for she was full of high spirits when her master and mistress were restored to her.

JANE HANNAH OF DUNKIRK

A boat launched by a crane from a railway bridge is a curious thing in itself, and probably unique. But the boat in question, the Jane Hannah, has had a still more curious history. After good service as a lifeboat at Flamborough she became a fishing boat and played a heroic part at Dunkirk.

After that the Jane Hannah was lost at sea and became a derelict for nearly a fortnight before she was picked up in the Channel by a British warship and towed into safety. The staunch little 5-ton vessel was considered good enough to be overhauled in a railway river yard, but when she was ready to take the water there was no slipway, so she was literally dropped back into the sea ready for future adventures.



SIX RUNS The Alarm sounds and the pilots dash for their machines. This squadron was the first to bring down 100 enemy planes, a score which has been much increased since

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



A Unique Parliament

How many of us can say in what way the present Parliament is unique in our time and perhaps in history?

We are not thinking of the fact that its life has been lengthened by a special Act, for that was done in the last war.

Those who would like to think it out may stop at this point, but for those who are less patient or less knowledgeable we may explain that no other Parliament we can think of has known three kings and three Prime Ministers.

SHAME

THERE were 1313 road deaths in December, 157 more than in the previous December, 873 being in the Blackout.

The Little White Way

IT seems incredible, but it is true, that our land by night was once a fairy scene of lighted streets, with seaside towns making "illumination week" a chief feature of the season. Since then only 16 months have passed, but it seems years, and the Blackout an institution half as old as Time.

The great white way the seaside promenade was then, and the phrase came back the other night to a London household reduced to the murky light of a paraffin lamp. If great white way, why not little white way for needs so urgent?

No sooner said than done. A white cloth was laid over the table, and even the grumbler of the house admitted that if it did not exactly double the light it certainly helped to halve the darkness.

UNAFRAID

THE skipper of one of our trawler patrols has introduced a simple and impressive tradition on his boat before setting out mine-sweeping.

The men gather round the captain at the wheel and hold a One-Minute Service:

Skipper: Are we all here?

Men: All of us here under God's care. Amen.

Skipper: Then what are we afraid of?

Men: We are afraid of nothing. Amen.

Low Heels

WE have been delighted to read so often of late that low heels are healthiest and safest, and that high heels are dangerous and unhealthy.

It has been the theme of the C.N. for many years, and it is good to know that a European war is converting shoemakers and shoe-wearers at last to what is obvious common-sense.

LORD HALIFAX

By a Guide Commissioner

THROUGHOUT his long career Lord Halifax has been noted for his high ideals.

Some years ago, after his return from India as Viceroy, he spoke with a Girl Guide Trainer on the problems and possibilities awaiting all who were prepared to work for the future welfare of the girls and women of India.

"There is so much to be done!" cried the young Guider, discouraged by the magnitude of the task. "What is the good of the little I can do?"

"It all depends on whether you care enough," replied he. "Do you care enough? Anything can be overcome if you care enough; anything can be accomplished."

To care enough, or to believe enough, sums up the creed which our new Ambassador will carry with him from the Foreign Office to Washington.

A Hanging Matter

AN old friend, thinking of the monument to Sir Samuel Romilly in St Bride's burnt-out church, reminds us that the brutal laws he fought so hard against made 200 crimes punishable by death. Anyone who stole a fish out of a pond, or hunted in the king's forest, or injured Westminster Bridge, was liable to be hanged. It is all rather like a touch of the Nazi, but we like to remember that the result was the assertion of the English spirit when the jury got its chance, for more often than not the juries refused to convict for trivial offences, preferring to break their oath rather than to send a man to the gallows.

Success must not be regarded as a proof of justice. Nicole

TISHY COMES RUNNING

TISHY is four. Her father is in Glasgow, but the war brought her to live in the tall tenement building across the road and we made friends with one another over a magic painting book.

One summer's day we sang the song called "Over the Rainbow," and Tishy, perhaps because she had never seen a rainbow, felt a little sad, for her eyes filled with tears as the song ended. She never forgot it.

Months passed by, and then, at the end of a showery day, a glorious bow spanned the grey waters of the Firth of Forth with every colour clearly defined, an entrancing sight. This quiet evening was followed by the noisiest night of the year for the dwellers on those shores; every kind of gun seemed to be firing at once, and the old houses shook with the concussion.

When morning came it was good to look out at clear skies and the sunshine. Everybody was talking of the night's experience, and it was then that Tishy came running, her eyes alight. But it was no tale of the night's terror that she had to tell; she had something far more thrilling to relate. "I have seen it," she cried joyfully; "I saw the Rainbow in the sky!"

"Was it not beautiful?" we answered, and we sang again together:

*Somewhere, over the Rainbow, blue birds fly,
Birds fly over the Rainbow,
Why, O then, why can't I?*

*Somewhere, over the Rainbow, skies are blue,
And the dreams that we dare to
Dream really do come true.*

There were no tears in Tishy's eyes that time.

They Are Seven

WE have been delighted to receive greetings from a home into which the C.N. has arrived every week since the first copy; it is a Yorkshire home, and the greetings are from one of a family of seven with an average age of 83.

The seven living brothers and sisters are children of Mr J. T. Johnson and his wife, who died at 84 and 82 at Sharrow, Sheffield, a few years before the last war.

Their children still living, in order of their ages this year, are: Susannah, 89; William, 88; George, 86; Frederick, 84; Henry, 78; Ann, 77; Charles, 73. All but two are married, and it is remarkable that all five have known more than half a century of wedded life: Susannah 61 years, William 64, George 62, Henry 56, Charles 50.

Our greetings come from Brother William at Rose Cottage, Bradwell, near Sheffield, and we send them back to him in overflowing measure, with a prayer that he and all these old folk may have many quiet days and sleepful nights in this Year of Victory.

JUST AN IDEA

Does the world get better? Think of one fact only—that it is only about a hundred years since children were dying so fast that there was no room in the churchyards.



IT HAPPENED IN THE WEST COUNTRY—A BREAKFAST

What They Think of the Country

SOME London children down in Cornwall, in the lovely country about Callington, have been writing down their impressions of the countryside.

This is what Jean Wisdom has written:

I often thought that life was very dull in the country, but I have discovered that I have much more to do than I had at home. I went through all the joys of blackberry-picking, collecting acorns for pigs, gathering fir cones for the fire, and chestnuts. I watched the harvest ripen, I gazed at men erecting haystacks, and I saw the fields and trees putting on their autumn coats. Until I came here I never dreamt the country was so beautiful, and I never before experienced the feeling of peace that comes from the scenery here.

This is from Lily Ewing:

It took me quite a time to get used to the country life. When I wanted to have a wash I had to take the jug and fill it from the rain-butt, then take it up to my bedroom and wash in a china bowl. At home we had a bathroom and running water, but I think the country way is best; there is more fun in it. At night we have an oil lamp in the centre of the table. It is as good as electric light, only much warmer.

Cynthia Hammond likes the Cornish lanes:

The little lanes in Cornwall are very fascinating to London children, and most of us are eager to follow them and find out where they lead.

Doris Sayer writes:

The countryside here is the most beautiful and picturesque I have ever seen, little farms nestling snugly at the foot of hills, the song of birds, and the noise of the threshing-machine. The multicoloured fields take the appearance of a patchwork quilt help to make it more glorious than ever.

Edna Putnam, aged ten, says: Some peaceful country cottages. Some ducks upon a pond; This, I think, is nearer heaven Than in London being bombed.

This is what another writer says:

One day one of the calves escaped from its house, but after a while I caught it. While I unbolted the door I put its head under my legs, but before I could say anything I was halfway down the hill on the calf's back, and landed with a bump.

It is obvious that when the war is over, and the little guests make the long trek back home, they will carry with them abiding memories of their stay among the happy country people.

The Seed Will Not Perish

IT is remarkable how sometimes a seed sown in a caste village persists in isolated growth.

In a certain village of South India, probably fifty years ago, one caste farmer was baptised. He was the only Christian in his village, but remained firm to his death. About ten years later another caste man in the village was baptised. He lives there still, the only Christian after the death of the first. There never was a Christian teacher in the village, but less than a year ago a young man, a trained teacher,

suddenly became a Christian. He has got hold of the Bible remarkably thoroughly, so that he is a valuable helper, and through his efforts two other young caste men in the village are now asking for baptism.

We hear of the same influence working steadily in Papua, where at a United Sports Week held by all four Missions one of the Papuans said: "Before the missionaries arrived the people came from one village to another with spears and clubs, but now we come with a ball to play games."

Under the Editor's Table

MODERN parents know how to bring up their children. What about those who need keeping down?

If you don't like your nose you can have a new one made of rubber. It will never be put out of joint.

A WOMAN says she goes all over the place in search of onions. Evidently on the wrong scent.

An author has been given a title. He can use it for his next book.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If the rising sun kisses the smiling morn

WHEN you first start doing housework wear gloves. You will soon get your hand in.

It is difficult to buy a ladder in these days. They must be short.

THE meat ration has been reduced. A cut from the joint.

WE hear of a fancy dress representing a box of matches. Striking.

MONEY is meant to circulate. That is what makes our coins go round.



THE VISITOR TO TWO YOUNG LONDON EVACUEES

Coventry Has an Architect With Ideas

Coventry has met with disaster, it is well equipped with means capable of rebuilding it. It is notable that Mr E. E. Gibson, the City Architect, denounces building for private profit, the shams of speculative building, and the private ownership of land which denies economic and artistic development.

Are we to be ready for our needs after the war, which will never before call for rebuilding and rehousing? No greater problem of industry has ever arisen, and in what is a short period of time we must be ready to tackle it.

Mr Gibson, in a paper read to the Royal Society of Arts, makes these main points:

The only solution of the problem in its wide aspect lies in the form of nationalisation of land to secure its full and proper use.

Every city should have its own architect responsible for town planning, the approval of plans, and the administration of building byelaws.

3. The uglifications of the speculative builder must be stopped and use made of modern materials and science to produce comfortable and useful houses, fitted for their great purpose of serving life. Technical advance has been excellent, but not utilised by the speculator.

4. Houses should be regarded as likely to become obsolete in about 30 years and to be replaced by buildings brought up to date.

5. Concrete should be more freely used, as well as steel and light alloys.

THESE views will not meet with universal acceptance, but it is good that they should be put forward.

We must all hope that somebody in Lord Reith's department is thinking out these things, and one factor is surely beyond dispute—that never again will private interest in a piece of land be allowed to stand in the way of public need. It is the first of all the points that should be settled.

The Boy and the Steeloscope

EXAMINING the atoms of a piece of steel to see what kind of metal it is can be brought within the range of any intelligent lad after a few days of training by this splendid invention which is finding of immense use in the steel industry.

It was Sir Isaac Newton who discovered that a beam of white light if passed through a glass prism was split up into all the colours of the rainbow; and we know that if we look at the spectrum of a burning substance through the prism we see brightly coloured lines by which the chemist can identify it; no two elements give the same ones.

Steel is, of course, iron alloyed with a small quantity of some other metal such as chromium, manganum, or nickel. By holding

a small sample of steel against a rod of pure iron and striking an electric arc flame a new portable instrument, the Steeloscope, can be brought near it and the flame looked at. The eyepiece of this device has a sliding part which is moved until the coloured lines in the flame coincide with marked, known lines, and the metal alloyed with the iron in the steel sample can be identified in a few moments.

An untrained boy can learn to use the instrument for checking samples in a steel yard very quickly, thus using the principles of the spectroscopy given us by Newton, which has today become the highest precision tool of both the astronomer and the chemist.

By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them

BEWARE of false prophets which come in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, nor a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Jesus

MAN GOES ON

WHEN Knowledge has pierced through the wastes chaining earth together and sea, And the bars of today are lost in the union of all that shall be, And the Brotherhood that He loved is more than a saintly thought, And the wars and the strife which we mourn are lost in the Peace He taught, And then slow as the tide which flows on, though each wave may seem to recede, Man advances again and again to the Rock of a higher creed.

William Morris

Hitting Your Neighbour

IN finance and commerce, as in all relations of life, you do not live by hitting your neighbour. Tariffs are only a method of attacking your neighbour, and such attacks always end in disaster.

R. L. Barclay, the banker

The Dignity of a Man

MEN may seem detestable as joint-stock companies and nations; knaves, fools, and murderers there may be; men may have mean and meagre faces; but man in the ideal is so noble and so sparkling, such a grand and glowing creature, that over any ignominious blemish in him all his fellows should run to throw their costliest robes. That immaculate manliness we feel within ourselves, so far within us that it remains intact though all the outer character seem gone, bleeds with keenest anguish at the undraped spectacle of a valour-ruined man. Nor can piety itself, at such a shameful sight, completely stifle her upbraidings against the permitting stars. But this august dignity I treat of is not the dignity of kings and robes, but the abounding dignity which has no robed investiture.

Herman Melville

THE SAFE GUIDE

IMPULSE is only dangerous when we are wrong somewhere; when we are right it is the safest guide we have.

Harold Begbie

When Justice Shall Be Throned in Might

THY kingdom come—on bended knee
The passing ages pray;
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that kingdom's day.
But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong,
And for the everlasting right
The silent stars are strong.
And lo, already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear.
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near.
The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be throned in might
And every hurt be healed.

When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
Shall walk the earth abroad;
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God.
Frederick Hosmer, born 100 years ago



CARRY ON

THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW WORLD

BUILDING a new world is not something that starts in the dim future "after the war." It starts now, and everyone of us can begin.

Here is the secret. On the one hand is the power of evil working through self-assertiveness, through hate, greed, and lust; in neighbourliness there is the power of God operating through His Holy Spirit.

Let us make no mistake. Without God the policy of neighbourliness may at any time fall a victim to a ruthless self-seeker. The devil finds his instruments in all sections of

international, national, industrial, and family life. The dictator in the home, the bully in the workshop, the quarrelsome man who makes trouble in the village are doing the devil's work, and it is only the Power of God that can bring a change.

Those who listen to God daily see clearly not only the faults in their own lives, but also the needs of their friends and neighbours. The first task of all of us must be a definite time of listening to God and communing with him every day. That must be the foundation for building the new world.

Stephen Foot

A Prayer For the R A F

GUIDE Thou our Air Force,
Father, in their strife;
Fill them, O Christ, with courage,
faith, and joy;
Creator Spirit, Lord of all good
life,
Grant them Thy strength the
evil to destroy.

Never before so many owed so
much
To so few heroes sweeping clear
our skies.
God, lead their flights with Thy
protecting touch,
That Freedom may their deeds
immortalise.

Be Thou, Eternal God, their
Refuge wide,
Hold them within Thine Ever-
lasting arms,

And for their help upon the
heavens ride,
Keep from them storms and
nature's wild alarms.

O heavenly Father, by Thy
Spirit shew
That there is none in all the world
like Thee;
So shall men wonder, and the
world shall know
That peace comes not by might
nor tyranny.

In danger, wisdom from above
bestow
To guide through shrouding mist
and battle's strife;
If death should call them, let
them, ere they go,
Hear Thy Son's welcome, *I will
give you Life.*

Archdeacon F. H. D. Smythe

Three Weeks Before Waterloo

DO you wish to confirm this military tyranny in the heart of Europe?

A tyranny founded on the triumph of the Army over the principles of civil governments, tending to universalise throughout Europe the domination of the sword and to reduce to paper and parchment Magna Carta and all our civil institutions;

Henry Grattan in Parliament

An experiment such as no country ever made and no good country would ever permit to relax the moral and religious influences, to set heaven and earth adrift from one another and make God Almighty a tolerated alien in His own creation, an insurrectionary hope to every bad man in the community.

three weeks before Waterloo



Ludlow Castle with its Norman keep, above the fair valley of the Teme on the Shropshire border. Philip Sidney would know this place, for here his father, as Lord President, held his court for nearly a generation. Here, too, John Milton came, and within these walls was given the first performance of his exquisite Comus

THE VAST ISLAND CUT OFF FROM THE WORLD

MADAGASCAR, the third largest island in the world, nearly 1000 miles long and 600 wide, is now almost completely isolated from the rest of the world.

When France capitulated last May the Governor-General of Madagascar, Monsieur de Coppet, cabled to his friend the High Commissioner of the French Cameroons, M. Brunot, "Madagascar has decided to remain French to the end," but as soon

There are few medical supplies left, and it is only by wireless that the inhabitants, both European and Malagasy, have any contact with the outer world. There is an Anglican Mission in Madagascar, established long before the French conquered the island towards the end of the last century, and the native branch of the church is anxiously awaiting the arrival of its new bishop (Revd G. Vernon), who was



Young Malagasy citizens of France

as the Vichy Government was formed it replaced those Colonial Governors, like M. de Coppet, who were ready to fight on for liberty to the end.

Monsieur Léon Cayla, a former Governor of Madagascar, was sent from Dakar back to the island, and Britain at once began her blockade.

Since June only one merchant ship has called, taking nothing, but sailing away with a cargo of vanilla and mica to America.

The island's export of graphite, coffee, hides, and 20,000 tons of bitter beans is now rotting away.

YOUR HEALTH MATTERS TO ALL

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. I was reading of the Public Health. How can health be public?

Man. I do not wonder that you ask, for it was only in quite recent years that the term "public health" came to be used. It means the health of a nation considered as a whole, and it recognises that the health of every person matters to everybody. Each matters to all. If that had been properly realised long ago there would be less disease.

Boy. Is disease yet thoroughly understood?

Man. Unfortunately, no. Many forms of disease still baffle us, but enough is known of many common ills to make it possible to prevent them and to stamp them out.

Boy. I suppose an individual cannot do much to combat disease in others, even if he takes care of himself?

Man. That is so, apart from the care a man can take of his own children, and that is why public health services are necessary. Properly organised, these services should keep towns clean, supply pure water, insist on homes being sunny, well drained, and well ventilated, protect school life, see that factories, shops, and all other working places are healthy, safeguard the food supply, ban the sale

of injurious articles such as inflammable celluloid, and see to it that all children are well nourished and have a fair start in life.

Boy. What a lot of care and thought all that must mean!

Man. And how much hard work! It would be easier if we had not to contend with the legacy of old and ignorant times. We have miles of streets which are truly beds of disease, made in such fashion that no one living in them can be completely healthy. I do not refer alone to slums, but to streets in which the sun cannot directly shine; in which few rooms are adequately warmed or ventilated.

Boy. Is it true that diseases flourish in such places?

Man. Only too true. The conditions that rob people of health are precisely those in which germ diseases flourish. Poverty of life opens the door to disease.

Boy. Do our public health services work well?

Man. In existing conditions they do a great work, but not enough. Not until society gives as much care to health conditions in peace as to war work will disease be defeated. When peace comes we must make it our first duty to protect and restore the public health.

We Must Learn to Cook Potatoes

As Lord Bledisloe reminds us, the average yield of potatoes per acre is seven times that of wheat, and when a little island like ours has to support so many people it is obviously good policy, especially in wartime, to grow potatoes and eat them thankfully.

Lord Woolton tells us that this year we shall need to eat more potatoes and porridge, and depend less on meat and wheat. If we are to do this agreeably we need to instruct ourselves in the cooking of potatoes, of which the most delightful dishes can be made. Potato soup, for example, forms a dinner or supper dish of the most appetising character, but it is to be feared that many British homes have not made its acquaintance at the best.

If, therefore, the Ministry of Food desires to increase appreciation of the potato, let it advertise more recipes for potato dishes telling housewives how to proceed. Potatoes plain boiled, potatoes plain mashed with a fork, potatoes fried, are really unworthy of a civilised table. The potato deserves the respect it gets in France through the teaching of able cooks.

What Hitler Wants Us to Think

A reading of newspapers brings home to us what an immense number of clever people—military experts, naval experts, air experts, political wise men, diplomatic correspondents—are engaged on the business of weighing, dissecting, and analysing the different possibilities presented to us in the latest phase of German propaganda.

Each of these specialists takes his own speciality separately and assumes that the German effort will be concentrated on that and so presents a serious but measurable problem.

This is his business, and he does it well. But the reader who reads them one on top of another and puts them all together finds himself up against an appalling total of possibilities, and if he is in a depressed mood comes to the conclusion that Hitler is a man of amazing genius and unlimited power—which is exactly what he wants us to believe.

J. A. SPENDER

The Man Who Would Rather Die

If there is on the earth any living creature more horrible than Hitler we suppose it is Himmler of the Gestapo, and it is good, therefore, to see that a brave man has died rather than receive the gift of life at Himmler's hands.

The brave man was the Polish Socialist, Niedzialkowski, very popular with the Polish working people, and arrested by the Germans, who tried to win him over. His cell was visited one day by Himmler himself, who, trying to bribe his victim, asked him if he had any desires. The prisoner looked the Great Spy in the face and said, "From one like you I want nothing."

The next day he was shot, and he lies in one of 6000 nameless graves in Palmiry.

TRAVELLER TO PARADISE

Nettles and Docks. By Nancy Price. Allen and Unwin. 7s 6d.

WHETHER we meet Nancy Price on the stage or in a book we are bound to love her, as all people do. She is, as Mr. Norman Birkett says in his introduction to this volume, a wise, strong, tender, courageous personality, possessing the rare power not only to interest but to strengthen and sustain. In these pages the brilliant actress well deserves this tribute from the brilliant lawyer.

Those who want a book for the odd half-hour when it is possible to forget the war, or for those hours when it is not, will find something here to please them, for it is a bright miscellany of human things.

It takes the traveller into ten of our chief towns and looks at things and people there; it gives us peeps of famous folk most of us have known something about; it talks of the stage and the stalls, and runs through the whole range of the seasons. It talks of natural things and moral things and spiritual things, of animals and trees, of chiming bells and magic mountains, of grousing and smiling, and of the ghosts that never were.

Brotherhood of Life

And all through it Miss Price is the sensitive nature-lover we all know, feeling the mystery and the brotherhood of things; she loves the C.N., and we are quite sure she agrees with its gospel of the brotherhood of all things alive.

She gives us one of the best tree photographs we have seen, and of trees she says:

"He who cuts down a tree must plant two if he loves his country. To man, trees are invaluable. They delight us by their beauty and strength. They are magicians; from their dull twigs and bare branches they produce for our pleasure the joy of leaf, flowers, and fruit. The wood they give us is an essential part of our civilised life. It helps us to build our houses, our means of transport; it helps us to produce our art and our sport; it gives us Kreisler's violin and Hobbs's cricket bat."

The Wonderful Horse

Miss Price reminds us that most things are made of wood, and that most of us continually call upon wood to prevent bad luck—Touch Wood. But we wonder if she has come upon the secret of touching wood, which is a little prayer of faith and not a stroke of luck, for it seems to come from the old far-off days when the monk would touch his little wooden cross.

She tells us a wonderful story about a horse. He had carried her many a hundred miles and twice he saved her from death, once at a bridge across a turbulent stream where he refused to budge. She urged him on a little impatiently, but at last gave it up and abandoned the short cut home, and during dinner that night she learned that the bridge had collapsed.

We should like to give her list of grouses, because so many of

them are ours, too, but we must not take too much of this captivating book. On page after page is some fine thought that has crept into our mind before, or else that finds deep sympathy there.

There is something terrible to her, she declares, not in the vanishing of things, but in the retention of them in the ether, for man cannot destroy that which he will, and every day he leaves a trail of ghosts.

Is that not finely said? She quotes the poet (unknown to us), who says:

*"Out of a complicated house come I
To walk beneath the sky."*

The Patriot

What a world there is in that! She says of William Watson that he was neglected yesterday and is remembered today, but will he be forgotten tomorrow? We are sure he will not; he will live with Wordsworth and Tennyson and this generation will turn in its grave to think how it neglected him.

She says of patriotism this fine thing—that she is all for peace but not a pacifist in the sense of lying down and letting any who will take part of her country for himself. The patriot, she says, feeds the fire that lights his country and will never allow it to become ashes; it blazes with his great deeds.

We have learned much as well as thrilled much in handling these nettles and docks. Who would have believed that Lewis Carroll never wrote to Alice after she was grown up, save for one or two stiff business letters? She tells us that once in Bath she saw the attendant at a swimming pool give three taps and bring all the goldfish to the surface to him for their food.

We Need Not Despair

The book has been made, we believe, in the quiet of Lakeland, and Miss Price speaks of it as a patchwork which she has collected. If so, it is a patchwork with something in it of the delight of a medley of old stained glass with the sun shining through. She speaks of her climbing in Lakeland as over, but though her body can no longer achieve the summit, her spirit climbs and achieves immensity. We are sure it is so. When life seems hard she thinks of our Hero of Heroes, whose courage, out of apparent disaster, lit a flame that swept the world:

"If living penniless, marred, rejected, suffering death on a cross, could leave behind a memory which has inspired a world with hope, we with our small failures need not despair."

It is the spirit that has kept Miss Price buoyant so long, young in spirit through all the years that she has been delighting us by her activities. Those who would share it with her may give an evening of their lives to this small book of memories and inspirations and know that the time has been well spent, for they are in company with a fellow-traveller to paradise.

A. M.

S LIM greyed Len Harcourt stared at the heavy sky which arched a leaden sea. He turned to his companion, a strapping lad of fifteen whose bronzed skin and steady blue eyes made him look older.

"Bob," he said abruptly, "do you ever have thunderstorms up here in the Arctic?"

Bob Marks shook his head. "We're several hundred miles north of the most northerly thunderstorms, Len."

"But it feels like thunder," Len insisted.

Bob frowned. "It does," he admitted. "It's run weather for the Arctic. I was talking to Dad about it just now and he says he never knew anything like it. Thick, muggy, no wind, yet we are far north of Behring Straits and—"

He broke off short. "What's that?" he asked, pointing to a tiny dot which swung on the slow rollers far away to the east.

"A boat," said Len. "Wait! I'll get my glasses." He was back in a minute with a pair of field-glasses. He focused them and gazed at the distant object.

"A ship's boat," he announced. "I can't see anyone in it."

Bob took the glasses and had a look. "You're right," he said in a puzzled voice; "but what in the name of sense is a boat doing up in these Arctic seas? I must tell Dad."

The Castaway

Bob ran to the bridge where his father, Captain Marks, commander of the research ship Franklyn, was standing. Almost at once Len heard an order given to the man at the wheel, and the stout little ship turned her bow in the direction of the boat floating far out on the leaden horizon.

The news ran through the ship like wildfire and within a few minutes almost the whole crew were on deck. Slowly the toy-like boat grew in size till presently all could see that it was a small dinghy, so small it was a marvel it had lived so far from land.

"There's a man in her," said Len, who was now with Bob at the rail. "Dead. I'm afraid," Bob answered, looking down at the still figure.

THE HIDDEN SEA

A Thrilling Tale of an Arctic Adventure, by Tom Gifford

The Franklyn lay to, a boat was launched, and presently the man was lifted tenderly aboard.

"Is he dead?" the skipper asked. "No, sir," replied Nicholas Swayne, who was not only a doctor of medicine but also in charge of the scientific side of the expedition. "But he is a mere bag of bones."

Indeed the castaway was shockingly wasted. His cheek bones almost pierced his parchment-like skin, his eyes were sunken, his brine-stained clothes hung loose on his skeleton frame. Yet he was still conscious.

"The skins?" he whispered. "All right. We've got them," said the doctor, and gave directions for taking the man below.

The Salt River

THE skins were a bundle of three lovely furs. The boys had never seen anything like them, and had no idea what they were. But Captain Marks knew.

"Sea-otter," he said in a startled voice. "Now where did they come from? The sea-otter is practically extinct."

"Sea-otter," repeated Bob. "I've heard of them. They were so valuable they were killed off. What are these worth, Dad? 50 apiece?"

"Five times that. A coat of sea-otter would be almost priceless."

Bob's eyes widened. "If that chap has found a rookery of sea-otters he'll be a millionaire." Just then Dr Swayne came up.

"How's your patient, doctor?" the skipper asked.

"Sound asleep. He'll be all right in a day or two. And I fancy he will have something to tell us when he comes round."

The doctor was right. The castaway's story was a startling one. His name was Thane—Timothy Thane—and he came from Cornwall. He was a small dark-skinned man but, now that he was washed and shaved and decently dressed, not

at all bad-looking. He told them that he and a trapper called Curt Harvey, with a native named Corveau, had come north from Nome in a motor-boat in search of the so-called Golden Beach where nuggets were supposed to be as plentiful as pebbles.

"I'll lay you didn't find it," put in the skipper.

Thane shook his head. "No, sir; but we found something else. We pushed on beyond Cape Beachey and came to a big river. And the river was salt."

"Salt!" repeated Dr Swayne, astonished.

"Salt as the sea," said Thane. "The native wanted to go back but Harvey and I were keen to see where it came from, and we went on up. The river got so swift we had to leave the launch. We went on for three days over big hills and came upon a lake. And it was full of sea-otters."

"Sea-otters don't live in a lake," growled the captain.

"This was salt," Thane told them. "It was an inland sea with high cliffs and islands. There were seals there and plenty of fish as well as the otters. Without a boat it wasn't easy to kill the otters, but we got ten and decided to go back to Nome, sell the skins, fit out properly, and come back." He paused.

"Then we struck ill luck," he went on. "Harvey had a fall and wrenched his ankle so badly it took ten days to get back to the place we'd left the launch. And when we got there the launch was gone."

"Who took it?" asked the doctor.

"Eskimo, we reckon. We never knew. We nearly starved before we were picked up by a motor schooner. She was the *Serpent*."

Captain Marks leaned forward. "The *Serpent*—Strode. Heenan's ship?"

"Yes, sir. And you can reckon what happened when Heenan saw those furs."

"Heenan is the worst pirate, the biggest blackguard in the Arctic," the captain said. "He will butcher every otter in the place."

Sea-Otter Lake

DR SWAYNE answered fiercely. "He must not be allowed to. They must be preserved. The Canadian Government must be warned, and they will proclaim a reservation, as they have done with the buffalo and musk ox."

"Then you'd best be quick about it," Thane said. "When I got away from the *Serpent* in that dinghy he was all set to go there and begin the killing."

"How did you get away?" Bob asked.

"They were all drunk, and I stole the dinghy and tried to make the shore. Anything was better than being aboard that ghastly ship."

"What became of your companions?" the captain asked.

Thane shrugged. "Harvey refused to change the open boat, Corveau had joined Heenan's crew."

Captain Marks stared at Thane, but the man's eyes met his steadily and did not drop.

"All right, Thane," he said in a kinder voice. "You'll guide us to the place?"

"I'll do that, sir," Thane answered. "But, as I said before, you'll have to be quick."

"There it is," said Thane quietly. He with Dr Swayne, the two boys, old Duncan Drew, mate of the Franklyn, and a couple of seamen stood on the summit of a low cliff and gazed out across a great

expanse of water which lay grey and stark under a brooding sky.

It was a week since they had left the ship and the party had a tough journey to reach their goal. The strange weather continued. It was warmer than any of the old-timers remembered for this latitude and the time of year, and the snow had been terribly soft. Yet they had never once seen the sun. A pall of cloud covered the sky and there was no wind.

"There are the otters," said Dr Swayne, pointing to a reef on which four of the beautiful creatures lay stretched. His eyes were shining with delight. "Never—never did I expect to see such a sight," he added. "And they are so marvellously tame."

"They won't be tame long if Heenan gets here," Thane remarked.

"I am proclaiming this a reservation," Swayne said. "We got in touch with Ottawa by radio before leaving the ship and were given full powers."

"Those powers won't help you unless you have something to back them," Thane told him.

"We are armed," Swayne said firmly. "We have plenty of food. We shall stay here until Heenan arrives and warn him off."

"You'll have a job," was all that Thane said. Then Drew spoke.

"Better fix up our camp. This weather isn't going to last much longer. There's something brewing, and when it comes it'll be bad."

Tracks in the Snow

THEY found a terrace sheltered by a ridge of rock and made camp.

It was now late August and night frosts were due. They did not come and the same sticky warmth persisted. Dr Swayne was busy all day surveying the country and making notes; the boys caught fish for the camp. There was no sign of Heenan.

Len woke early on the third morning. There was a curious moaning sound in his ears, and it seemed to him that the ground had trembled slightly. He got up and went out. It was still as ever and foggy. It struck him as odd that the dogs had paid no attention to his movements.

"Smoke! Smoke!" he called. Smoke was leader of the huskies and Len's special favourite. There was no reply.

A moment later Len was back in the tent. "Bob," he said sharply, "the dogs are gone."

Thane was the first up. He rushed out. He too was back very quickly.

"The dogs are gone and the sledge and most of the grub," he told the others. "It's Heenan," he added with the calmness of despair. "He lured the dogs away with meat, then two of his men came back and got the sledge. The tracks are in the snow, plain as print."

"Serve us right for setting no watch," growled old Drew.

"Don't waste time talking," Bob said sharply. "They can't have gone far, and they won't reckon on our getting on their track so soon. It was luck for us, Len waking early. Get the rifles and we'll run them down."

The Crevasse

WITHIN five minutes they were dressed and on the trail, which led south along the rim of the Hidden Sea. All had snow-shoes, but the snow was so soft that the going was difficult. Yet all kept up their best pace. They had food left for one day only. If they failed to catch the robbers they would starve in this snowy wilderness.

For three hours they travelled at top speed, then Bob pulled up.

"I'm nearly done," he said.

"Small wonder," said Swayne. "Seeing we started without breakfast. We must take a spell and a cup of tea."

It was good advice. The hot tea and a couple of biscuits apiece put new life into them and presently they started again.

The fog still hung thick as ever and the air seemed even more stagnant than on the previous day. This weather was uncanny and filled them all with a curious sense of trouble. The one comfort was that the tracks of Heenan's party were plain as ever.

"Hang this fog!" growled old Drew as he slipped and nearly fell.

"It's lifting a bit," Bob told him. "Goslow. There's a bad slope ahead."

They went cautiously down the slope, and when they reached the bottom of the valley Thane, who was leading, stopped.

"Watch out! There's a big crack ahead."

All pulled up on the edge of a deep, wide crevasse. Bob pointed. "There are their tracks the far side. How did they cross?"

"By a snow bridge," Thane told him. "They've broken it down behind them."

"They've done us," said Drew with a groan as he looked down into the black depths.

Suddenly the air was full of a low moaning sound, and with it came a puff of wind that was almost hot. With the wind the fog lifted and in a moment the air was perfectly clear. Less than 200 yards away on the opposite slope stood four men, snow-shoes on feet, rifles in hand. And with them was the Franklyn's sledge laden with food and scientific equipment.

The leader of the four bandits was a man of at least six feet, but so broad he looked comparatively short.

"Strode—Heenan!" Thane muttered.

"Hands up!" Heenan roared in a voice of thunder.

There was no cover, and they were helpless. With an ugly grin on his face Heenan came striding down the steep hill toward them.

The Earthquake

AT that instant the same moaning sound Len had heard before again broke the stillness, but now it was much louder. The ground heaved like a sea wave. The moan rose to a roar and, as the earth heaved again, the whole of the snow peeled away from the opposite hill and came down in a huge avalanche.

Flat on their faces the Franklyn party lay while the ground rose and fell beneath them like a stormy sea. Fascinated with horror, they saw Heenan and his followers swept down towards the great crevasse. Faster and faster till they vanished under a great wave of snow which fell with a roar into the rift.

The earthquake passed, the ground ceased trembling. Thane rose and pointed to the crevasse.

"I am glad to have lived to see that," he said solemnly. "There is the grave of the worst blackguards north of the Arctic Circle."

"What about ourselves?" asked old Drew gloomily. "The sledge has gone down with the rest."

"Our luck's in," declared Thane, and for the first time since they had known him he was smiling. "The sledge is caught on a spur of rock less than 20 feet down. Put a rope round me, some of you, and I'll soon have it all safe."

They let him down and, standing on the spur, he fastened the rope round the sledge, and between them they managed to haul it up. They rested, had food, then started back.

When they reached the top of the slope the clouds had vanished, the temperature was already far below freezing point and the snow crust rapidly hardening. Len looked at Bob. "Going to have a better trip than we reckoned," he remarked.

Bob nodded. "Yes, thanks to the earthquake."

THE END

BEDTIME CORNER

THE SOWER

BEHOLD, a sower went forth to sow.

Some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up.

Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth, and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth; and when the sun was up they were scorched, and because they had no root they withered away.

Some fell among thorns, and the thorns sprung up, and choked them.

But other fell into good ground and brought forth fruit, some a hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold.

Once a Little Child Like Me

THOU that once, on mother's knee,
Was a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed,
Lay Thy hands about my head;
Let me feel Thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind; and true,
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

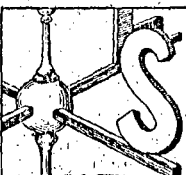
Once wast Thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house;
Now Thou art above the sky,
Canst Thou hear a baby cry?
Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since Thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once, on mother's knee,

Wast a little one like me.

Francis Turner Palgrave

Do You Know This Place?

These pictures represent a well-known coastal resort. Do you know its name?



THE BRAN TUB

BAD PATIENT

A HEALTHY-LOOKING country-man hid in the hedge when he saw the village doctor approaching him along the lane.

"It's such a long time since I've been ill," he muttered to himself, "that I'm ashamed to look the doctor in the face."

The Hotel-Keeper's Problem

ELEVEN members of a football team arrived at an hotel one evening and asked for beds. The proprietor had only ten beds available, but he said he would accommodate them all in separate beds.

He put two of the men in the first bed, with the understanding that the second should have a bed to himself later on. Then he put the third man into the second bed, the fourth man into the third bed, and so on to the tenth man, who occupied the ninth bed.

There was now one bed left, which was given to the eleventh man, who was in the first bed with the first man. Thus the eleven men had a bed each, although there were only ten beds, which is obviously impossible.

Where is the flaw in this reasoning?

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evenings the planet Mercury is in the south-west, Jupiter and Saturn are close together in the south, and Uranus is in the south-east. In the morning Venus is low in the south-east, and Mars is in the south. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 9 p.m. on Sunday, February 2.



The Golden Snuff-Box

A SIMPLETON once wrote this letter to one of his friends:

I have left my golden snuff-box at your house. Be good enough to send it back by the bearer of this note.

But before closing his letter he found his snuff-box, and added a postscript:

I have just found it; do not trouble to look for it.

Then he closed his letter and sent it off.



If February gives much snow
A fine summer it doth foreshow.

TRANSPPOSITION

THERE'S a word of two syllables whose meaning implies

What all should abstain from who are prudent and wise;

The contrast is great, for reversed it will show

What all men on earth are anxious to do.

Answer next week

Climbing and Falling

THE first of these lines was written by Sir Walter Raleigh; the second is said to be Queen Elizabeth's reply.

Pain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.

If thy heart fail thee, why then climb at all?

How Bluebeard Wrote His Name

THE reign of Henry the Eighth, which lasted for nearly 38 years, is one of the most remarkable in English history. It saw the beginning of the Reformation, and a great revival of learning, while England again began to play an important part in the affairs of the Continent.

Henry himself was an able king, but his brutality was intolerable; he married six wives and killed two.

Henry VIII

The execution of Sir Thomas More and the aged Countess of Salisbury, in addition to his savage treatment of his wives, are dark blots on his memory. Yet this strange man may be said to have done much for the welfare of England and the advancement of the new learning. He died on January 28, 1547.

A COCK AND BULL STORY

I SHALL not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau

If birds confabulate or no; 'Tis clear that they were always able

To hold discourse, at least, in fable;

And even the child who knows no better

Than to interpret by the letter A story of a cock and bull

Must have a most uncommon skull.

William Cowper

Seeds and Weeds

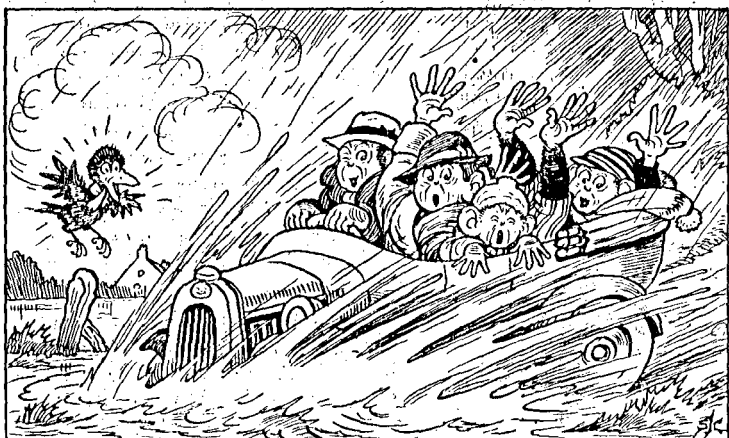
THERE was an old lady of Leeds Who swallowed a packet of seeds;

And, later, tis said, That out of her head Came a crop of remarkable weeds.

Do You Live at Norbiton?

THIS name has no historical associations, but is an invented name that dates back to 1840, when it was given to a district of Kingston as a contrast to Surbiton.

Jacko Gets Stuck



THE floods that followed the great snowstorm took a long time to subside. When Father Jacko tried to drive a car one morning across the swirling stream that stretched from one side of the lane to the other it got firmly stuck! Jacko thought it a fine joke.

What the Great Pyramid is Made of

EGYPT'S Great Pyramid was built of 89 million cubic feet of limestone blocks. If you imagine a block the size of an ordinary sitting-room (say 20 feet by 15, 10 feet high) over 28,000 of them would be required. The base of the Pyramid is the size of Lincoln's Inn Fields in London.

The sides are in great steps which the visitor can climb laboriously. But at the time of Herodotus, and

for long after, these angles were filled with marble blocks, with sloping sides smoothed and polished so that not even a cat could have found a foothold. The Mohammedan Caliphs removed the marble for their own palaces, and their vandalism has been matched by modern tourists, who have flattened out the apex by dislodging great stones to see them thunder down the sides of the Pyramid.

Ici on Parle Français

Sir Galahad at Ottawa

There is a fine statue near the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa called Sir Galahad; it has no other inscription.

This was raised to the memory of a heroic young man called Henry Albert Harper. He was skating with a friend, when he observed a couple in front of him disappear into the river at a sudden break of the ice. He sent his companion to the shore for help and, lying down, stretched his walking-stick out to see if the lady in the water, or her friend, could catch hold of it. As neither of them could reach it, Harper rose and flung off his coat.

The onlookers implored him not to try to rescue them, as it meant certain death.

Young Harper said simply, "What else can I do?" and sprang in. Their dead bodies were discovered next morning.

Galahad at Ottawa

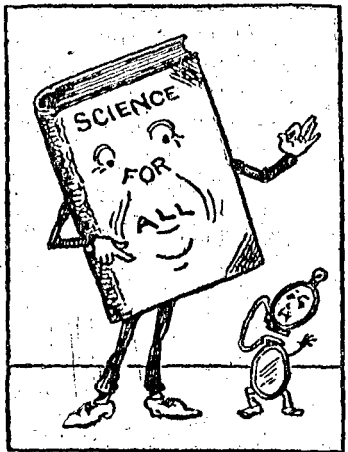
Près du Palais du Parlement, à Ottawa, se trouve une belle statue appelée Galahad; elle ne porte aucune autre inscription.

Cette statue fut élevée à la mémoire d'un jeune héros nommé Henry Albert Harper. Il patinait avec un ami lorsque, devant lui, il vit disparaître un couple dans la rivière, la glace ayant cédé tout à coup. Il envoya son ami chercher du secours sur la rive, et, couché à plat ventre, il tendit sa canne pour voir si la dame dans l'eau ou son compagnon pourraient la saisir. Comme ni l'un ni l'autre ne purent l'atteindre, Harper se releva et retira son habit.

Les spectateurs le supplièrent de ne pas tenter de sauver le couple, car il était certain de périr.

Le jeune Harper répondit simplement: "Que puis-je faire d'autre?" et il s'élança dans le trou. Les trois cadavres furent retrouvés le lendemain.

A LITTLE TIFF



THE Volume scoffed, "You read a book?"

The notion is absurd. Right through your head my lessons slip—

You don't retain a word!"

"My owner's sight is very poor, Your type is rather small!"

The Glasses sneered, "Without my help

You'd not be read at all!"

Cash Value of Elbow Grease

HERE is a curious calculation (made years ago) of the variations in value which work can give to a pound's worth of cast iron. Made into ordinary machinery it becomes quadrupled in value, worth £4. Beaten into ornamental work it fetched £45; in buckles and similar kinds of fancy work, £600; in neck chains, £1300; in the form of knives, £36; needles, £70; penknife blades, £950; balance springs of watches, no less than £5000.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Heading	ASH	USAGE
Violet, vole, wasp, wagtail, walnut, weasel, wren, woodpecker.	PLEA	TRUE
	RIAL	RILL
	IMPERIAL	
	LA	ADK A
The Repaid Loan £20	PATTERNS	
	AERO	REAP
Behended Word Spark, park, ark	SEER	SAVE
	PLAYS	MEN

WHEN A CHILD IS FEVERISH, CROSS, UPSET



Colic, wind, disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, in babies and children, generally show food is souring in the little digestive tract.

When these symptoms appear, give Baby a teaspoonful of Milk of Magnesia. Add it to the first bottle of food in the morning. Older children should be given their dose in a little water. This will comfort the child—make his stomach and bowels easy. In five minutes he is comfortable and happy. It will free the bowels of all sour, indigestible food. It opens the bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments. Children take it readily because it is palatable and pleasant-tasting.

Obtainable everywhere in two sizes. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia', which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

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Cheshire .. 7s 6d	Lakes .. 7s 6d	Warwickshire 7s 6d
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To Come. Durham, Essex, Lincolnshire, Northants, Northumberland, Oxfordshire

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